

The Sun.

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LOTS OF NOTABLES ARRIVE.

MR. GERHARD GOES DOWN IN A STEAM-BOAT AND MEETS MRS. LANGTRY.

COL. TOM OCHTRELL INTERVIEWED HIMSELF ABOUT THE UNIVERSAL GLOBE—MR. CORNWALL'S WEST COMES INSTEAD OF MRS. COL. MAPLESON HERE WITH GERSTER AND AN OPERATIC LEGION.

Mr. Frederick Gerhard got up at 3 o'clock yesterday morning, hired a small side-wheel steamer, got aboard her at the foot of West Twenty-fourth street, went down by her to the Health Officer's dock at Quarantine, and sat in the pilot-house, looking out over the newspapers and waiting for Mrs. Langtry. With occasional intervals for refreshment, he maintained this attitude till 5 o'clock in the evening, when the dim outline of the steamship Oregon appeared below, with a double curl of smoke boating from the smoke stacks.

Mr. Smith's boat, the revenue cutter, and Mr. Gerhard's little steamer started simultaneously for the big ocean craft. Mr. Gerhard had a permit granted by Surveyor Benedict, safely buttoned in his coat. It gave him the right to take Mrs. Langtry off the steamship to his own little side-wheeler. The side-wheeler made several unsuccessful attempts to get alongside the steamer, and was at last compelled to turn and shipping a large quantity of water that was discharged from the port-holes of the steamship, as the Health Officer's boat and the revenue cutter were unable to get alongside, and two reporters aboard were made fast, and their passengers clambered up. Still another tugboat came along and passed a load of passengers to the steamship before Mr. Gerhard's wheeler caught on.

Mrs. Langtry's departure was first taken by the reporter who had almost a month's trial. She wore a light-tinted dark green traying dress, faced with white and red silk. A white standing collar encircled her neck, and a lace-trimmed sash was tied in a knot at her waist, trimmed with a bright feathered bird's wing and bound with a delicate velvet-covered headband.

"Here! Little! Little! come here!" she cried as she stepped into the cabin with the customs officer. There was a patter of tiny feet on the deck, and in a moment a tiny little King Charles dog sprang into her arms.

"Oh I am very glad to get back!" Mrs. Langtry said to the reporter. "I've got a good report. I go now to Montreal, where I will begin to play. I will be with New Yorkers again, until Jan. 1. I have bought a house in New York, and I will stay there. I have brought my mother, Mrs. Le Breton, with me this time. Have I studied since I have been away?" Well, very much indeed.

Gerhard and Mrs. Langtry started away, her dog toddling after her. How do you do? I'm glad to see you again, was all that Mrs. Langtry could say.

Mr. Gerhard lifted his hat and shook hands with a lady who was dressed in black, wore a black shawl, and was a head shorter than her daughter.

A gauze blank was run out from the deck of the ship, and the deck, decked out in green, and with Mr. Gerhard's hand, Mrs. Langtry stepped lightly across and down. Her mother followed. Mrs. Langtry waved farewell to the reporter, and went away with three energetic toots. On landing Mrs. Langtry went to the St. James Hotel.

A little stout man whose body was swelled in a way that suggested a cold, and who had a field glass suspended from his shoulder by a strap, hustled out on the Oregon's deck.

"How do you do, Col. Tom Ochtrelle?" said the reporter.

Col. Tom leaned against the rail, crossed his legs, smoothed his heavy bushy moustache, and said, "How do you do?"

"Yes, yes," he cried. "I've had a good time. In fact I've had a charming time. Been away five months, and I've been home again. I've seen everything and been everywhere."

I saw Minister Lowell and Minister McLean, and the like, and I have to stand no more than I have brought my mother, Mrs. Le Breton, with me this time. Have I studied since I have been away?" Well, very much indeed.

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